

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN AT

COURT

BEFORE THE

QUEEN,

12. Febr. 170 $\frac{3}{4}$ On Her Majesty's Birth-Day, 170 $\frac{3}{4}$.

SHINE forth, ye Planets, with Distinguish'd Light,
 As when ye hallow'd first this Happy Night;
 Again transmit your Friendly Beams to Earth,
 As when *Britannia* Joy'd for *ANNA*'s Birth:
 And thou, kind Star, whose Tutelary Pow'r
 Guided the Future Monarch's Natal Hour,
 Thy Radiant Voyages for ever run;
 Only less Blest'd than *Cynthia* and the Sun:
 With thy Fair Aspect still Illustrate Heav'n,
 Kindly preserve what Thou hast greatly giv'n,
 Thy Influence for thy *ANNA* we implore;
 Prolong One Life, and *Britain* asks no more.
 For what can Virtue more to Man express,
 Than to be Great in War, and Good in Peace?
 What further Thought of Blessing can we frame,
 Than that That Virtue should be still the Same?
 Entire and Sure the Monarch's Rule must prove,
 Who Founds Her Greatness on Her Subjects Love;

Who

Who does our Homage for our Good require,
 And Orders that which we should first Desire:
 Our Vanquish'd Wills That pleasing Force Obey;
 Her Goodness takes our Liberty away;
 And Haughty *Britain* yields to Arbitrary Sway. }

Let the Young *Austrian* then Her Terrors bear,
 Great as He is, Her Delegate in War;
 Let him in Thunder speak to Both his *Spains*,
 That in these Dreadful Isles a Woman Reigns.
 Whilst the Bright Queen does on Her Subjects show'r
 The Gentle Blessings of Her Softer Pow'r;
 Gives Glorious Morals to a Vicious Age,
 To Temples Zeal, and Manners to the Stage:
 Bids the Chaste Muse without a Blush appear,
 And Wit be that which Heav'n and She may hear.

Minerva thus to *Perseus* lent her Shield,
 Secure of Conquest, sent him to the Field;
 Told him how Barb'rous Rage should be restrain'd;
 And bid him Execute what she Ordain'd.
 Mean time the Deity in Temples sat,
 Fond of Her Native *Grecians* Future Fate;
 Taught 'em in Laws and Letters to Excel,
 In Acting justly, and in Writing well.
 Thus whilst the Goddess did Her Pow'r dispose,
 The World was freed from Tyrants, Wars, and Woes;
 Virtue was Taught in Verse, and *Athens* rose. }

F I N I S.